POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.

From the 29th ODE *of the 3d* BOOK *of* HORACE.

MAKE haste (my Noble Friend) away,
Lay Cares a-while, and Business down;
Leave now the Smoaky, Wealthy, Noisy Town:
See, how in Country-Cottages we dwell;
How Homely, but how Well.

Afford your ſelf one Holy-Day:
An Honeſt, Humble, Country-Seat,
A Pleaſant, tho' a Mean Retreat;
A choice ripe Veſſel too,
Which muſt be broach'd by you,
My Noble Friend, forbids your Stay.

II.

A little Houſe, a ſlender Feaſt,
In Country Faſhion, cleanly dreſs'd,
Are Dainties to the Rich and Great,
Fatigu'd with grand Concerns of State:
A Sparkling Glaſs, and ſprightly Bowl,
Brisk, Youthful, Vig'rous Thoughts renew,
Revive the Melancholy Soul,
And ſmooth the Furrow'd Brow.

III.

And now the Sun, in all his Force,
In *Leo*, rides his ſcorching Courſe:

The Shepherds and their Flocks to Shades retreat,
And Cooling Streams, to ſhun the raging Heat;
The pleaſing Rivulets glide ſmooth away,
No wandring Winds upon their Surface play.

IV.

Yet you (my Friend) the Weight of Buſineſs bear,
And make the Commonwealth your conſtant Care;
Solicitous to know,
What the next Age, in Church or State, will do:
Or if the *French*, this next Campaign,
Or we, ſhall get or loſe in *Spain*.

V.

Miſtaken Curious Men! We try,
In vain, to dive into Futurity:
Miſtaken Curious Men! In vain we climb
To look into the vaſt Abyſs of Time;
Our narrow Sight is plac'd
Within the *Preſent*, and the *Paſt*:
The *reſt*, *alas*! is clouded o're,
'Tis Night and gloomy Darkneſs all before.

VI.

Enjoy then, what the Fates before you ſet;
But *all beyond*, to Providence commit:
Beyond, 'tis all a fickle *Run*.
The Brook (awhile) glides ſmoothly on;
Clear, Calm, Serene,
He gently ſteals away,
His Curling Waves beneath the Meadows play;
They ſeem to creep *unwilling* to the Main:
But rapid Rains, when from ſteep Hills they flow,
With ſudden Floods they raiſe the Stream below.
Then, (if huge Rocks or Trees obſtruct its Way)
The Rowling *Torrent* drives 'em down,
Rocks, Trees, and Cottages, it forces on;
The Rowling *Torrent* knows no *Stay*,
But in the *Watry Ruins* hurries all away:
The *Woods*, and hollow *Mountains* all around,
The hideous Noiſe reſound.

VII. Thrice

VII.

Thrice Happy he, who e'er can ſay
To Fortune, "I have liv'd *to Day*;
" This well ſpent *Day* has been my own,
" The *Morrow* cannot come too ſoon;
" And Calm or Stormy let it be,
" All Things will come alike to me:
" My *Yeſterday* ---- I'm ſure of *that*;
" I us'd it wiſely, and 'tis fix'd by Fate.

VIII.

Fortune, Blind, Fickle Deity!
No ſettled Mean or Meaſure knows:
All *Cruel*, or *Inconſtant!* She,
Her gawdy Gifts, at random throws;
Kind, but by Fits, to thee or me.
'Tis true, I love her, if ſhe ſtay;
But if ſhe flutter, or her Wings diſplay,
E'en let the fickle *Wanton* go;

The Loſs ſhall never plow
One Wrinkle in my Brow;
I'm ſtill the Happy Man I was before,
Honeſt, Unbyaſs'd, Eaſy ſtill,
Whether ſhe frown or ſmile:
With Virtue fortify'd, I dare be poor;
My *Truth* and *Innocence*, my only Dow'r.

THE

THE
City-Mouſe and *Country-Mouſe*;
OUT OF
The Sixth *Satyr* of the 2d Book of *Horace*.

MY Wiſh, ſince firſt I knew what Living was;
And real Happineſs, was only this;
Far from this noiſy Town, a *ſtill* Retreat;
A pleaſant, but a little Country Seat;
A pleaſant Garden, and a ſilent Wood,
Beſide ſome little, murm'ring, purling Flood.
Oh there, how ſhou'd I pity and deſpiſe
The Court and Town, their Vanity and Vice!
Nor change my ſolid Joys of Eaſe and Health,
For Empty Honours, and Deluding Wealth:
The choiceſt Authors my beſt Friends ſhould be;
My ſole Ambition, to be wiſe as they.
Oh, when, ye Gods, ſhall I from Noiſe retreat!
Oh, when enjoy my Wiſh, my little Country Seat!

Where Innocence and Virtue find a Place,
And Vice Unmask'd, turns back her ugly Face.
Here, not for Luxury, but Health, we eat;
And Hunger gives a Reliſh to our Meat.
Here, if brisk Brimmers round the Table walk,
Mirthful, but Innocent is all our Talk:
Not this Man's Treaſures, or ill-got Eſtate,
Or t'others Honours, raiſe a vain Debate.
We moſt diſpute of what concerns us beſt,
If Wealth, or Virtue, makes us truly bleſs'd?
What ſhould direct us, when we ſeek a Friend;
Is Love, or is Self-Intereſt our End?
Some uſeful Rules, couch'd in dark Fables, lie;
And wholſom Morals, little Tales convey.
For ſpeak of *Divito*, the firſt in Fame
For Wealth, a mighty, miſerable Name,
We find a Parable to fit the Theme.

A Village-Mouſe liv'd poor, but void of Care;
Homely, and plain, and Country-like his Fare:
In what his little Cell afforded, Free,
No poliſh'd Cit more Liberal than he;

In

Brought once an old Acquaintance to his House,
A very Wealthy, Well-bred, *London* Mouse.
Proud of the Honour of a Courtly Guest,
He spread his Table with the very Best;
Unlock'd the prime Reserve, the choicest Hoard,
Brought all his nicest Dainties to the Board;
His Swerds of Bacon, and his musty Pease,
And for Desert, a Dish of mouldy Cheese.
'This, Sir, quoth he, you see is all your Treat,
'So, pray now, where you like, fall to and eat:
'An old dry Crust's good Food for such as I,
'Those Viands are too dainty there for me.
Quoth Cit, 'I have no Stomach now to eat;
'I thank you (*Friend*) as much as if I did:
'But for my Life, 'fore *George*, I can't conceive,
'How you poor Country Peasants here can live:
'Did you but know the Sweets of eating well,
'Sure you'd prefer a Palace to a Cell.
'But, pr'y-thee, take a Trip with me, come on,
'And see how gloriously we live in Town:
'Forsake this dull, this solitary Den;
'See Fashions there, and Manners learn, and Men.

'How ſwift, alas, and fleeting are our Days!
'Still Time flies on! and ſtill the Minutes paſs!
'The Life of Mortals is a very Span!
'Then let us (whilſt we live) live chearfully as we can.

The Peaſant, eaſy to be work'd upon,
Poor Fool! already wiſh'd himſelf in Town;
So (both agreed) they took their ready Way,
And reach'd the Court about the Cloſe of Day.
Cit in a ſumptuous Palace treats his Gueſt,
With the choice Fragments of a coſtly Feaſt;
On richeſt Carpets of proud *Tyrian* Dye,
Diſſolv'd in wanton Luxury, they lie;
But mortal Sweets, alas, too quickly dye!
And all our ſhort-liv'd Pleaſures ſoon decay!
For now a dreadful, unexpected Noiſe
Invades the ſilent Mice, and damps their Joys;
Rude Dogs, and Boys, and ramping Wenches come
With Song, and Fiddle, dancing round the Room.
Well, ſaid the Clown, half dead with dying Fears,
If this be *living well*, and *Courtly* Chear,
Reſtore me to my humble Cave, and Wood,
And Scraps, and Tares, with Quiet, be my Food.

A PARA-

A PARAPHRASE

Upon that Expreſſion of our Saviour to the *Jews*, in the Eighteenth of St. *John*,

Before Abraham was, I am.

An ODE.

I.

AH ſtupid People! ſtill the ſame!
Whom God and Man cou'd ne'er to Senſe reclaim!
But 'tis at laſt for nought,
Your God hath all his Wonders wrought,
Your Prophets all have preach'd and taught;
Your Underſtanding yet perverſly blind,
Strays careleſs on,
In Paths unknown,
Loſt in the Mazes of a thoughtleſs Mind.

II.

Abr'am, your boaſted mighty Sire,
A mighty *Nothing*, here beneath,
From me deriv'd his *All*, *Life*, *Motion*, *Fire*;

An humble Creature of my Breath,
Your God on Earth,
Who gave you Birth,
Receiv'd from me his Being, and his Death.

III.

Whilſt yet this *Univerſal Ball*
In Embrio lay, a *Chaos* all;
E'er Heav'n, or Earth, or Sea
Began to be;
Where was the Creature Man?
So empty, and ſo vain!
When to the World I ſaid,
But----*Let it be*, and it was made:
Upward I bad the Light aſcend,
And heavy Bodies downward tend;
The Light flew up with active Haſte,
The heavy Bodies ſunk as faſt;
And both, with equal Speed,
The *mighty Word* obey'd:
And both with equal Grace,
Set forth the mighty Maker's Praiſe.

Whilſt

Whilſt yet the Sea, in all his Pride,
In a continu'd flowing Tide,
Swell'd over all beſide;
To his proud Waves, I ſaid,
Within theſe Bounds be ſtay'd.
He heard, and foam'd, and beat the rocky Shore;
But when he could not paſs it o'er,
His proud Waves backward fell, & murmur'd, & obey'd.

IV.

But (thus the Royal Prophet ſung) how vain,
Ah, Lord! how frail a thing is Man!
Of Clay, thou faſhion'dſt him at firſt;
And when thou ſhalt withdraw thy Breath,
The wither'd Flower muſt droop in Death,
And crumble into Duſt!

V.

Man's Wiſdom, Prudence, Life, and Fame,
Is nothing but an empty Name;
With ſuch vain *Terms* you Men below,
Expreſs *you know not what*, you *know not how*:

And *Time* and *Place* are Notions, all
Of mortal mean Original.
The *Self-existent* knows nor *Time*, nor *Space*,
Nor is confin'd in *Place*:
But all Eternity's perpetual *round*,
To ME, but one continu'd *now* do's sound;
And the whole Globe of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
Is my Ubiquity.

MEN and MANNERS.

An EPIGRAM

Dropp'd in a Coffee-House.

NOT quite half Virtuous, ſcarce half Wiſe,
And troth, a pretty World it is;
Briſk, ſhallow Fools pretend to *think*,
Dull Sots to rake, and wench, and drink;
Smooth Coxcombs languiſh, dance, and dye,
And *love* in Proſe and Poetry:
Aſſes look grave, and Owls look wiſe,
And little Wits will criticiſe.

From

From the Second Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of HORACE:

A POEM,

Inſcrib'd to my Worthy Friend F—— B—— *Eſq*; *of* Lincoln's-Inn.

WHILST you (dear Friend) at Hall of *Weſtminſter*,
Attend the thriving Trade of wrangling there;
Poor I am thumbing o'er old *Homer* here:
He beſt the Lengths of Wrong and Right can tell,
Chief Maſter of the Art of *living well*;
More uſeful Rules of Life, he lays you down,
Than *Hoadly*, or *Sacheverel*, have ſhown,
Or all the *Noiſy Preachers* of the Town.

Of *Hellen*'s Rape, and of *Troy*'s War, he ſings,
Seditious Subjects, and contending Kings.

Old *Neſtor*, Honey-tongu'd, from eaſy Chair,
Harangues to reconcile Domeſtick Jar:
Tells the Misfortunes of the raſh Debate,
" The People ſuffer by the Prince's Hate.

Rage,

Rage, Treaſon, Luſt, and a long Train of Sin
Prevails without the *Phrygian* City, and within.

But wou'd you learn the Prudent, Great, and Wiſe,
Keep his *Ulixes* ſtill before your Eyes:
Who wandring try'd the Perils of the Main,
And Manners ſtudy'd, as he paſs'd, and Men.
If you, like him, from Follies wou'd be free,
And learn his Senſe, be diligent as he:
But who is careleſs of his Health, when well,
The Raging Malady ſhall quickly feel.
Ply hard your Studies, e'er the Day begin,
By ſhutting Vice without, let Virtue in:
Whene'er the Mind is unemploy'd with Good,
Envy or Luſt is ready to intrude.
How quick we are to ſee, and to remove
Small Ills, which grieve the groſſer Part we love?
How heedleſs are we all, alas, how blind,
To the far worſe Diſtempers of the Mind!
Lazy! Neglectful! ſtill we drive it off!
"Repentance ever will come time enough!

Learn to be wise, and be your self your Friend,
Who well begins, hath half obtain'd his End:
Set forward on your Race, prevent the Day,
Night hastens on, there's Danger in Delay;
The rowling Minutes in Succession pass,
Death whets his Arrows, and Time shakes his Glass.
The Fool upon the Bank sits down, to see
The Brook glide off, believes 'twill soon be dry:
But yet Time flies, and still the Brook glides on,
And yet, poor Fool! his Journey's not begun!
In vain we labour to be Rich and Great,
Rack'd with unfated Cares, and drudge, and sweat:
Not all the griping Miser's valu'd Wealth,
Can shield its Lord from Death, or purchase Health.
Corroding Cares attend the Regal Seat,
And trembling Fears annoy the Houses of the Great.
Thrice happy he, to whom an Heart is given,
To use aright the Benefits of Heaven;
But where sad Cares inhabit, there's no Peace;
Riches are *Lenitives* to Ills like these,

But only flatter them a-while, no more;
Then leave them in a worse Condition than before:
To fill the sowre Butt's a losing Task,
The Liquor takes a Tincture of the Cask.

Learn to despise Delights, if they are vain,
And fly from Pleasure, if pursu'd by Pain.

Stint your Desires at some certain Score,
The greedy wishing Wretch is always poor.

Pale, Haggard Envy grieves at Neighbour's Gain,
Its own Tormentor, feeds it self on Pain:
Sicilian Tyrants racking guiltless Men
In Envy, found the sharper Scourge within.

Anger, another Passion of the Soul,
Dethrones Man's Reason, makes the Wise a Fool;
Precipitate to Action, hurry'd on,
It jades its Vigor e'er its Work is done,
Losing its End before it has begun.

Learn then to govern all the Paſſions well,
Or getting Head, they quickly will rebel;
No Quarter to the ſtruggling Traytor give,
The Mind muſt be your Tyrant, or your Slave.

From the Firſt Ode of the Third Book of *Horace.*

Odi profanum Vulgus, & arceo.

An ODE.

AWAY ye little vulgar Fools,
I ſcorn your rude unpoliſh'd Souls;
Attend, and hear
The Moral Rules,
I dictate to the *Young* and *Fair.*
Great Kings, who terrify the wondring Croud
On Earth, themſelves are in the Hand of God;
Who, if he moves his mighty awful Brow
In Heav'n, he ſhakes a trembling World below.

II.

Fortune Inconſtant, Fickle, Blind,
Is ſeldom to the Worthy kind;
And Wit and Virtue often fail,
And Pow'r, and Wealth, and Bribes prevail:
But Death's Impartial Dart ſtill levels all,
And the ſame Way, (if Rich or Poor) we fall.

III.

Who ſits beneath the pointed Steel,
In all his State is wretched ſtill;
Pale Ghaſtly Terrors round him keep
Their drerey Watch, and baniſh *Sleep*.
For Sleep and peaceful Quiet reſt
Within the lowly Cottage beſt;
But deadly Fears attend the great,
And Cares annoy the Regal Seat.
The gentle God from Noiſe, and Cities flies,
To Solitary Woods, and Murm'ring Trees.

IV. Who

IV.

Who does no more desire,
Than nat'ral Wants require;
Who is no Slave to sordid Gain,
Preserves a Soul Unmov'd, Easy, Gay;
Nor tempts, nor dreads the Perils of the Main,
Nor fears a stormy Day.

V.

Small, but sufficient's my Estate,
My House convenient, clean, and neat;
Why then shou'd I of Fate complain?
Why seek unnecessary Pain?
I live retir'd from Cares, and Noise;
And from my lowly Cell,
I pity and despise
The busy, little Knaves, and Fools, that dwell
With Crouds, in State, and lofty Palaces.

HUMAN FORTUNE:

A POEM.

Out of JOB.

AS Flames (by Nature light) aſcend,
As heavy Bodies downward tend;
As Rivers fall by courſe away,
Loſt (when grown largeſt,) in the Sea;
So Mortals (whilſt in Clay they live)
Are born to Sorrow, and to Grief:
And yet of *Fortune* we complain,
And Fate, and murmur under Pain.
Fond Men! alas, we little know
The Source, whence all our Sorrows flow!
Our *Vices* call for Vengeance down,
Theſe draw our *Pains* and *Sorrows* on;
And the juſt Hand of Providence
Does all the Good or Ill diſpenſe;
Whilſt we (in ranc'rous Diſcontent)
Repine at Fortune, God is meant;

The

The Great Disposer of our Fate,
Who made the World, and governs it:
Whose Gifts from Hands Impartial fall,
Whose Justice deals aright to all.

Tho' we the Wicked often see
In Pow'r, and Wealth, exalted high;
In Pomp and State Admir'd, Caress'd,
Whilst Virtue lies by Vice oppress'd;
Yet never might ungodly *Pride*
Endure on Earth, and long abide;
But Pain and Punishment prevail
At last, and Wrong and Robbers fail.
The wicked Race from Safety far
Are crush'd, and cry, and none will hear:
But hungry Robbers shall divide
The ill-got Substance of their Pride.
Such is the State of sinful Men,
Who always feel the Worm within.
They are not hid, who do amiss,
Their Looks, and Fears, their Guilt confess:

Whilst

Whilſt happy in a Virtuous Mind,
The Good is Free, Calm, Unconfin'd;
" Baſe Shame betrays, pale Fears controul,
" None but the Guilty, and the Fool.

ETERNITY.

An ODE.

WHAT Strange, Amazing Thought, my Muſe,
Is this that makes thee tremble thus?
What ghaſtly Thing affrights thee ſo?
And why art thou afraid to go,
Where'e'er thy vig'rous Inclinations fly,
And boldly lead the Way?
Ah, now thou ſtand'ſt, I ſee,
On the dark Verge of wide ETERNITY!
Urge then no more, my Muſe,
Thy feeble, frighted *Pegaſus*.
Where Nature any Track did ever lay,
Thou know'ſt, he boldly wings his eaſy Way;

But ſee, he ſnorts, and foams, and hovers back,
And fears to try the ſtrange, unbeaten Track;
Leſt he benighted ſtray,
And weary'd, and bewildred, loſe his Way.

Like ſome poor wand'ring Traveller,
Who by unlucky Chance miſled, does err;
If diſmal Night has cover'd Nature's Face
In Horror and Diſtreſs,
About the deſart Wilderneſs,
Confus'd, diſmay'd, in vain
He gropes, and wou'd his Path regain;
'Till weary'd with the fruitleſs Round,
He lays him penſive on the Ground,
To Sigh, and Weep, and Mourn,
And longing wiſh *Aurora*'s ſweet Return.

II.

Poor, Frail, Miſtaken Man!
How fruitleſs are thy Cares!
Thy Wiſhes, Hopes, and Fears!
Thy Paſſions all how Vain!

How fleeting all the Joys, which thou,
Frail Man! indulgeſt ſo,
As they no End ſhou'd ever know!
Thou think'ſt, poor Fool, this baiting Houſe thy Home!
Nor dream'ſt of a *Futurity* to come;
When theſe thy worldly *Goods* and Pleaſures ſhall
Vaniſh like Magick Caſtles all,
And the *void Space* ſhall ſtrait appear,
As nothing had been there.
Thus fares the poor Unfortunate in Chains,
Confin'd in diſmal Dungeon, thus he lies;
If Sleep lock up his weeping Eyes,
He for a-while forgets his biting Pains;
He dreams of Crowns, and Palaces,
Arms, Sceptres, Titles, and Attendances:
Believes himſelf in all the Pomp of State,
Gay, Gaudy, Great, and Fortunate;
Till waking, the deluding Phantoms leave
The Dreamer ſtill in Priſon, and a Slave.

III.

Devouring Time, and Death,
When firſt we draw our Mortal Breath,
Thoſe ghaſtly *Forms* behind us ſtalk,
And Hand in Hand they walk,
'Till to the frightful Precipice,
Dark, Diſmal, Drerey, Bottomleſs!
Trembling at laſt we come!
Our Fatal Glaſs outrun!
Then all at once they puſh us down,
To our Unknown Eternal Home!
Not who in boiſt'rous *Caſpian* Lake,
Does in ſmall Skiff a Voyage take,
Nor Oars, nor Sails, nor Pilot has,
Does half the 'frighting Perils paſs,
That *We* encounter; hapleſs *We*!
Launch'd out into the boundleſs Sea
Of wide Eternity!
If happily *He* finds
Kind Stars, or lucky Chance,

Becalm-

Becalmed Waves, and favourable Winds,
May bear him thence,
And safely waft him o'er,
Or bring him back to Native Shoar;
But ah, when once we fare
To that, *we know not what, we know not where*;
From the Deep, all-devouring Tomb,
We ne'er muſt hope to come,
From Death, alas, is no Return!
In Endleſs Bliſs,
We ever muſt rejoice;
Or elſe in Endleſs Torments ever mourn!

ANO-

ANOTHER,

In Imitation of SPENER's *Style.*

I.

AH, why is this? What ſudden Grief
Oppreſſeth thus my ſinking Soul?
My Tongue forgets her wonted Skill,
Cold Horror quakes in ev'ry Limb.

II.

Mine Eyes diſtil their briny Tide,
Which ſtreams in Furrows down my Cheeks;
Full well, I ween, one may expect,
From ſuch a Fountain, ſuch a Flood.

III.

That Drerey Word, that Ghaſtly Word,
Such Tidings tells, ſo deadly ſad,
Of Pains which *longeſt*, *lateſt* Day,
Shall never Leſſen, never End.

IV. That

IV.

That Drerey Word, that Ghaſtly Word,
Eternity! Eternity!
More terrible, more loud it ſpeaks,
Than Thunder riving Clouds in twain.

V.

Eternity! in Womb immenſe,
Up-ſwallows all Created Things,
It ſelf a Compaſs boundleſs, vaſt,
Without Beginning, endleſs *Age*.

VI.

Down, Down, my Soul, to loweſt Hell,
But not to fry in theſe ſad Flames;
Think, Think, betimes, and learn to ſhun
The deathleſs Worm, the gaping Pit.

VII.

The Flame unquench'd, the deathleſs Worm,
The Gaping Pit, inceſſant Threat;
Eternity! that ghaſtly Thought,
With Trembling, quails the ſtouteſt Hearts.

VIII.

Oh! let me row *Ixion*'s Wheel!
Or bear oppreſſive *Ætna*'s Weight,
Or with mine Heart devour'd, renew'd,
Supply the greedy Vulture's Mate.

IX.

Ten Thouſand Poiſons let me drink,
The Blood of Aſps, and Vipers Fell;
Or give me burning Coals of Fire,
The Sulphur Blue, or Melted Oar.

X.

Or ſtretch me out on burning Piles,
And fry me with ſurrounding Flames:
Theſe Pains, and greater, I can bear,
Time flies, I ween, and theſe ſhall ceaſe.

XI.

A Thouſand Ages I cou'd bear,
Till rolling Years ſhou'd ceaſe to run;
The ſtruggling Soul wou'd ſmile in Hope,
That theſe ſhou'd ceaſe, and ſcorn to faint.

XII.

No Tortures terrify my Soul,
Which rolling Years at laſt ſhall bound;
Eternity! in endleſs Maze
Confounds, perplexes all my Thoughts.

XIII.

Ev'n Hell alone might be endur'd,
If e'er its Torments had an End;
ETERNITY adds Pain to Pain,
And double Fury to its Flames.

XIV.

Ah, tell what is ETERNITY!
A Pit Unfathom'd, Bottomless,
Days, Months, Years, Ages numberless,
That gaping Gulph can never fill.

XV.

That hungry, boundless, empty Void,
Devours all Things of Mortal Mold;
Here Days, Months, Years sink unperceiv'd,
Here Ages numberless are lost.

XVI.

Go, Sinner, Go, descend to toil,
But never shalt thou thence return,
When once those *Iron Doors* are clos'd,
Those Iron Doors are clos'd for aye.

XVII.

Who sings among the Saints in Heaven,
Among those Saints shall ever sing;
Who wails among the Damn'd in Hell,
Among those Damn'd shall ever wail.

XVIII.

Eternity presides in Heaven,
Eternity prevails in Hell;
The Joys of Heav'n shall ever live,
The Pains of Hell shall never die.

XIX.

Seek now the New *Jeruſalem*,
Knock now whilſt Entrance may be had;
In vain you ſeek, you knock in vain,
When griſly Death has ſhut the Gate.

XX.

As Dogs excluded, yell without,
Then wail, and howl, and gnaſh your Teeth;
The ſinleſs, ſpotleſs Sheep alone,
Shall come within the Bleſſed Fold.

XXI.

The Bleſſed Fold ſhall then be fed
With Joys Eternal, Endleſs Sweets;
But Thirſt, and Hunger unexpell'd,
Shall vex the wailing Croud without.

XXII. The

XXII.

The Glutton here with Want ſhall pine,
Tho' wont to feed on dainty Bits;
One Bit for Hunger he ſhall crave,
One Drop to cool his parching Tongue.

XXIII.

Here pompous Pampering muſt ceaſe,
Eternal Famine reigns below;
No Bit for Hunger he ſhall find,
No Drop to cool his parching Tongue.

XXIV.

But whilſt thoſe Flames unquench'd ſhall burn,
His Throat muſt fry, his Tongue muſt parch,
His Tears, his Gall, and Liquid Fires,
His ſole Repaſt, his Meat, his Drink.

XXV.

Now, now, O Man of Sin, purſue
Wild Fancy's Game with all thy Might;
ETERNITY, a boundleſs Sea,
Full fill'd with Rocks, it has no Shore.

XXVI.

But think on this, O Man of Sin,
If thus you launch out, you are loſt;
For when you launch out on thoſe Seas,
You muſt on thoſe Seas ever ſail;
Repentance 'vails not in the Grave,
But as it falls, the Tree ſhall lie.

FINIS.

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ALL for LOVE;

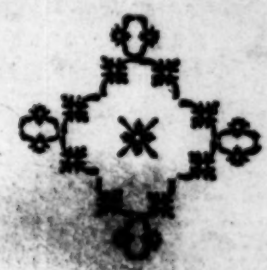
OR THE

WORLD WELL LOST.

A NEW

ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ENTIRELY ON FICTION



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